

# **Real Enough For You**

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## **Real Enough For You by casstayinmyass**

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**Summary:**

You leave the theatre after seeing "It" again, oblivious to the fact that someone is waiting for you... someone who may soon discover the secret you keep about a certain clown.

# Real Enough For You

## Author's Note:

From my tumblr @headoverhiddles.

You walk out of the movie theatre, a small smile on your face. You had stayed until the end again just to hear that laugh, since it was your third time, and you knew it was coming. You were on your own at the latest showing tonight, as you had run out of people to drag along by now, but you didn't mind; less people to judge you every time you crossed your legs when Pennywise showed up.

Walking into the bathroom, you stop by the sink. It's awfully dim in here... and strangely quiet.

Well, it was a late showing– basically the entire cinema was abandoned at this point.

Washing your hands, you hear a faint creak, and turn slowly to look over your shoulder. The very last stall at the end of the rows is ever so slightly swinging on its hinges.

“Hello?” you murmur, clutching the sink.

You hear your name being whispered softly, as if drifting out from the stall. You swallow. You had just seen a scary movie that had been on your mind a lot lately, so this was probably just your imagination... or wishful thinking, depending on how you look at it.

Your name is called again, and this time, you're compelled to go see what's calling it.

“Who's there?” you ask, and a soft giggle emanates from the stall. You look around again– maybe there was an employee you could call in here, to see if there was someone hiding in the stall... dashing over to the door, you look out, but there's nobody left in the movie theatre.

That can't be. *The theatre itself doesn't close for another half hour*, you think. *Still...*

You walk out, and gaze around at everything. Things around you look strange. The popcorn machines are all derelict, there are cobwebs growing over the soda machines, and the film posters are all torn, every face on them darkened, scratched, or blurred out.

"What the hell is going on?" you whisper.

"(y/n)..."

The name is now being called from over the counter. You approach slowly, biting your lip. You think of arming yourself with something, but there's really nothing around except for rotting Mars bars. You continue your approach, taking each step carefully, fear building inside of you as you reach out... just below the counter, lays the dead body of the concession employee, blood seeping from her neck. You're suddenly jolted out of your horrified transfexion by the popcorn machine, which starts popping kernels in front of your face.

"SHIT!" you scream. What the actual fuck was happening? This couldn't be a prank... cinemas just didn't do this, not even for promotional purposes. They must have closed early, thinking everyone was out... but that explanation didn't make up for the literal dead body in front of you! You had to call the police.

Just as you're getting your phone out, you hear that laugh coming from the bathroom again, only louder, and clench your jaw, storming back in there.

"Who's-" you begin to demand, but the door slams behind you promptly, causing you to jump and whip around.

"In here," that low, airy voice calls to you. You know you shouldn't... whoever killed that girl out there was probably in here.

Yet...

You walk over to the last stall again. Before going in though, you stop, paralyzed. A white gloved hand curls around the door or the stall, and another beckons. You swallow again, throat dry.

It can't be. It was just a movie. He was played by Bill Skarsgård, sexy Swedish *ACTOR*, and there were no such things as evil alien clowns.

But the line from the movie you had just gotten out of echoed in your mind.

*"This isn't real enough for you? I'm not real enough for you?"*

You feel a chill run through you, the sensation reaching a part of you you didn't expect would ever respond in the case of a real situation like this... whatever this was.

"Come here," he calls you again, and this time, you enter the stall.

There stands none other than Pennywise, grinning at you.

"How do you do?" he asks, presenting you with a balloon between two fingers. "You look like you could use a balloon."

"You scared the fuck out of me," you mutter, shocked that you could even speak to the killer clown that wasn't supposed to be real in front of you.

"Yes..." his grin widens, and takes a step toward you, his costume jingling. His eyes are a bright blue, you notice, not the usual demonic yellow. He's trying to lure you, you realize... and you're not having it. Sensing this, he leaps forward before you can back away, grabbing you by the neck with those huge hands and flipping you around to pin you to the stall door. "Tasty tasty, beautiful fe..." he trails off, and his painted red nose crinkles. "This... isn't fear... this..." He noses up your neck as he takes a deep breath in your hair, and you shudder beneath his unnaturally strong grip. "This smells *so much sweeter*." You inhale, and his eyes go yellow, the clown giving a devilish grin as he begins to lick at your neck, panting insatiably. You stifle a moan, and he shoves a gloved hand between your legs, feeling around for the source of your arousal.

"Aha," he giggles once he comes in contact with your wet pussy, "Here." He looks at you in contemplation for a moment, then drops to the ground, grabbing your legs so hard they hurt and slinging them over his shoulders so you're sitting on him from the front. The

drool coming from his mouth forms a puddle beneath you both, and his wide eyes are now a balance of curiosity and feral hunger.

“You’ve never smelled arousal before?” you breathe, twisting your fingers cautiously into his orange tufts of hair. After all, he was an inter dimensional being... he could snap you into a billion pieces any second he got bored or irritated with you.

“Mmmm...” he mumbles, entranced by the wetness dripping from you down your thigh, “Never tasted anything quite so scrumptious.” His tongue darts out, and you see his teeth emerge. The fear begins to slowly rise in you again– you don’t necessarily want him to turn your vagina the colour of his bloody lips– but his eyes roll back at the scent of your fear, his other hand reaching down to palm himself through his clown suit. He then looks up at you, purpose in his eyes.

“I’m going to fuck you,” he says excitedly, more drool leaking out at the prospect, “I’m going to tear you apart with my cock... but first,” he wags a finger, “I’m going to *taste* you, my dear.” You groan, and without warning, he plows his face into your core, long tongue darting out to lick deep inside of you. His lips tickle your clit, sending jolts of pleasure through you, and you rock your hips down onto his face, getting the white cream makeup all over your thighs. Suddenly, with a force that sends ripples of pain through your back, he slams you once more back against the stall, pulling away only to glare.

“You’re my pretty toy... I decide what to do with you, *only* me.”

You nod feverishly, desperate to just get that fucking tongue back inside of you, and he nods once, half to himself, before continuing. The slurping noises he’s making are obscene, and you think your legs are going to break with how hard he’s holding them. But his pace never relents, apparently unable to get enough of how you taste. You cry out suddenly, biting your lip. Your orgasm is fast approaching– just... a little... more of... *that... oh, fuck–*

You moan the clown’s name, and feel a sharp, painful sting along your inner thigh. You look down to see he’s bitten deep into your leg, drool and blood running down to your knees onto his shoulders. You’re about to complain, but he looks up at you, puppy eyes a docile shade of blue again, and gulps. Then, before you can blink, you’re

being slung over his shoulder and picked up by the neck again like nothing but a ragdoll, held up against the stall. You watch as Pennywise reaches into his trousers with his free hand and pulls out his—

“Holy shit,” you whisper. “I’m never gonna be able to take that.”

“You can and you will,” he growls at you, grinning, and parts your legs roughly, taking a deep breath along your neck again. He smells your sweet arousal as he bounces you onto his lap, burying his dick inside of you. You let out a startled gasp— he had to be ten inches, at least, and it’s painful to adjust to. It doesn’t look like he cares at all though— the clown keeps fucking into you, each time you bouncing on him as if you’re on a fucking merry go round. Your legs dangle limp along his back as he continues to partake in your want for him.

“Oh,” he chuckles, your blood and arousal still fresh on his lips, “This is kind of like a popcorn maker!” You tilt your head in question, then get pounded into again as Pennywise giggles, shrieking “Pop! Pop! Pop!” with every rough thrust. You let your head fall back, unable to stifle your moans. “What a slut you are...” he hisses in delight, eyelids fluttering rapidly every time he makes you bounce, “Imagine my luck... I’m used to eating children, not fucking *willing* humans!”

“Ohhhgod-” you cry, mouth falling open at his comments.

“But you’re so nice, aren’t you?” he whispers, tongue slithering out to caress your cheek, “Moaning my name like a good little girlie... giving me the best meal I’ve ever taste-d... such a pretty body I’ve found...”

“P-please...” you sigh, clutching at the ruffles in his costume. He slaps your hands away, and grabs your face.

“What?”

“I need... your-”

“I know what you need,” he laughs, “Oh, I remember how you felt, convulsing around my tongue when... when *that* happened!” He makes what you could only describe as jazz hands.

Your eyes open as you realize something. He doesn't know what an orgasm is.

Just then, your second one hits you, and he shakes violently, pushing you and pulling your hair until you're sure you're going to collapse from overuse. Right when the sensitivity gets to be too much, he grabs you by the waist, pulling out and staring down at his own cock.

"I..." he murmurs, eyes wild with lust. He still possesses that dangerous thirst in his eyes, but there's a twinge of cluelessness there.

"I can..." you mutter, crawling over on your knees, and you lose all power to resist the huge cock in front of you as you close your mouth around it. Pennywise jerks, accidentally forcing you to deep throat him, then once he realizes that works for him, he continues to fuck your mouth with an animalistic fervor.

"There... mmm, yes, take i-t... *take it*, (y/n)," he grins, mouth wide with his teeth out as his voice gets lower, more demonic. You suddenly swallow around the head of his cock, sending him into a fit of frenzied shivers. You stave off a smile at his momentary loss of control, but he regains it in seconds, howling loudly and yanking back your hair.

"You do this very well," he observes, giggling maniacally. "Do I taste good?" You nod, and he groans, head rolling back. "You taste better," he gasps, head violently shaking some more as you take him all the way in again. Finally, you feel him throbbing, and the nerves inside you light up. You'd never felt an alien creature come before... apprehension fills you. "Awww... scared?" he pouts. Then you feel it. His eyes roll all the way back, he lets out an unearthly growl that shakes the stall, and he comes hard in your mouth, filling it with a purple liquid. You frown, but continue sucking him off, swallowing all of the fluid you can.

*Hopefully it isn't poisonous*, you find yourself worrying, *what a way to go that would be*.

His cum tastes of burnt cotton candy, like a thick, sickly sweet syrup. It singses your lips a little, and you pull off, sucking on them to stop the burning. You take a moment to thank the powers that be that he



hadn't come inside you— then, not only would you be torn up, it would feel like eternal hellfire blazing inside of you.

Pennywise's mouth is hanging open, sharp teeth still bared, and he finally shakes himself out, starting with his long, gangly legs, then moving to his arms. Once he's righted himself, he stares at you, obviously intrigued.

"A-Are you gonna...?" you mumble, swallowing. You honestly hadn't thought of the repercussions of fucking a demon clown, and the reality of it hits you like a brick. *Did that honestly just happen, or did you pass out in the movie theatre?*

Bottom line, whatever the situation was: you didn't want to die at the hands of this creature, which was looking pretty likely at this point, now that you had served your ulterior purpose.

But Pennywise shakes his head slowly. "No. You'll be a good toy for me. I'll keep you under my watch, and use you when I feel..." He makes a little motion with his hands, obviously trying to verbalize his sense of need, "Grabby."

"Grabby," you deadpan, and he smiles.

"Grabby!" He gives a loony, punched out laugh, and you find yourself rolling your eyes at your concern that this thing would kill you. You turn, peering over your shoulder, and raise a hand to your sore collarbone as you look around for any people who may have overheard. *He really did a number on my neck*, you think, feeling the scratch marks and bruises.

"So where will you—" you begin to ask, but when you turn around, he's gone, the faint smell of sugar, the remains of a balloon, and a couple of drops of blood the only evidence left behind. You bite your lip, wondering once more if you were crazy and having some sort of lucid wet dream... your thoughts are broken as the bathroom door swings open.

"Anyone here?!" a bored looking employee asks, and you come out, trying to hide your limp. It's the employee you had found dead earlier.

“Yeah, sorry.” You dab at your thigh with toilet paper discreetly, hoping she can’t see the blood. She just gives you a bored look, bereft of judgement as if she’s seen some shit, and closes the door after you. As you leave the cinema, you notice that everything’s working again... the posters are back to normal, the lights are working, and the popcorn machine is intact.

You look over at the movie poster for It as you walk out into the cold night air, of Pennywise presenting Georgie with a balloon from the shadows. You smile to yourself, pulling your jacket on and glancing down at a passing storm drain.

Turns out a balloon was exactly what you needed tonight.